Were they that murdred our Emperours brother,
And they it were that rauished our sister,
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our Fathers teares dispisde, and basely cousend,
Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
And sent her enemies vnto the graue.
Lastly my selfe vnkindely banished,
The gates shut on me and turnd weeping out,
To beg relieſe among Romes enemies,
VVho drownd their enmetie in my true teares,
And opt their armes to imbrace me as a friend,
I am the turned forth be it knowne to you,
That haue preserude her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosome tooke the enemies point,
Sheathing the steele in my aduentrous body.
Alas you know I am no vaunter I,
My scars can witnes dumb although they are,
That my report is iust and full of truth,
But soft, me thinkes I doe digresse too much,
Cyting my worthles praise, Oh pardon me
For when no friends are by, men praise themselues.
Marcus. Now is my turne to speake, behold the child,
Of this was *Tamora* deliuered,
The issue of an irreligious *Moore*,
Chiefe architect and plotter of these woes,
The villaine is aliue in *Titus* house,
And as he is to witnes this is true,
Now iudge what course had *Titus* to reuenge,
These wrongs vnspeakeable past patience,
Or more than any liuing man could beare,
Now haue you heard the truth, what say you Romaines?
Haue we done ought amisse, shew vs wherein,
And from the place where you behold vs pleading,
The poore remainder of *Andronicie*,
VVill hand in hand, all headlong hurle our selues,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our soules,

And make a mutuall closure of our house,
Speake Romans speake, and if you say we
Lo hand in hand *Lucius* and I will fall.
Emilius. Come come thou reuerent ma
And bring our Emperour gently in thy ha
Lucius our Emperour for well I know,
The common voice doe cry it shall be so.
Marcus. *Lucius*, all haile Romes royall
Goe goe into old *Titus* sorrowfull house,
And hither hale that misbelieuing *Moore*
To be adiudge some dyrefull slaughtring
As punishment for his most wicked life.
Lucius all haile Romes gratious gouernour
Lucius. Thankes gentle Romanes may I
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away h
But gentle people giue me ayme a while,
For nature puts me to a heauie taske,
Stand all aloofe but vnckle draw you near
To shed obsequious teares vpon this trunke
Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold
These sorrowfull drops vpon thy blood sla
The last true duties of thy noble sonne.
Marcus. Teare for teare, and louing kiss
thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips,
Oh were the summe of these that I should
Countlesse and infinite, yet would I pay th
Lucius. Come hither boy come, come a
to melt in showers, thy Grandsire lou'd th
Many a time hee daunst thee on his knee,
Song thee a sleepe his louing brest thy pill
Many a storie hath he told to thee,
And bid thee bare his prettie tales in mind
And talke of them when he was dead and g
Marcus. How manie thousand times ha
VVhen they were liuing warmd themselu
Oh now sweete boy giue them their lateſt